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and Mrs. Beecher came and took us over to their home on Columbia Heights for a visit. With them we saw Central Park—then just mud and rocks, now so lovely. Then he took us through a man-of-war, which had been around the world fifteen times. It was marvelously clean, down to the cistern of sparkling water, delicious to the taste. He showed us the wonders of the whole city. He also took us out to Greenwood, and, standing by the graves of little George and Kate, he waved his hands toward the ocean, beautifully blue in the distance, and said with much feeling: "I chose this spot." And he should rest there till the resurrection.

After a Sunday's service he asked me what I thought of the singing. "It had thrilled me. Never had I heard anything like it—three thousand singing together." But, I added, "as for music, it will not compare with what you had in Indianapolis." "I have never anywhere heard such," he said. Then, after a long pause: "I have never had any fun since." He surely remembered it all.

#### "OLE DAN TUCKER."

The once famous song, "Ole Dan Tucker," is said to have originated in North Carolina, and one who "knew it from her earliest youth" gives this information about it:

"'Ole Dan Tucker,'" she says, "was adjustable. You began singing it where you chose, and could play both ends against the middle, or sing it backward or forward, or improvise topical stanzas according to your mind and skill. It was a fine dancing tune, and the black fiddlers often sang it as they fiddled, the prompter meanwhile racking his wits to find new figures to keep the proper rhythms." The singing was commonly in negro dialect, but not invariably so. Roystering young blades riding home from a long dance around 5 o'clock in the morning did as they pleased with the song. There were lawless and high-colored versions, such as could not be given unexpurgated before ladies, but "the sedatest could take no offense at the authorized ballad, which, indeed, was often used as a lullaby," in part as follows:

Ole Dan'l Tucker clomb a tree,  
His Lord and Marster for to see.  
De limb hit broke and Dan got a fall—  
Nuver got to see his Lord at all!

Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker!  
Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker!  
Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker!  
You're too late to git your supper.

Miss Tucker she went out one day  
To ride with Dan in a one-horse sleigh.  
De sleigh was broke, and de horse was blind—  
Miss Tucker she got left behind.

Git out o' the way, etc.

As I come down de new-cut road  
I spied de peckerwood and de toad,  
And every time de toad would jump  
De peckerwood hopped upon de stump.

Git out o' the way, etc.

And next upon de gravel road  
I met Brer Tarrypin and Brer Toad,  
And every time Brer Toad would sing  
Brer Tarrypin cut de pigeon wing.

Git out o' the way, etc.

Ole Dan and me we did fall out,  
And what d'ye reckon it was about?  
He trod on my corn and I kicked him on the shins;  
That's jest the way this row begins.

Git out o' the way, etc.

If Ole Dan he had co'n to buy,  
He'd mo'ne and wipe his weepin' eye;  
But when Ole Dan had co'n to sell,  
He was as sassy as all hell.

Git out o' the way, etc.